



SATURDAY, JAN. 27, 1900

THE REMEDY FAILED.

How One Wife Didn't Break Her Husband of Smoking.

The Good Woman Thought She Was Quite Crafty, But the Old Man Kept Right On with His Pernicious Habits.

"It will only be necessary for you to drop about half a teaspoonful of the mixture into this cup of coffee each morning," the circular said, "and the taste for tobacco will gradually depart from him. He may not cease the use of tobacco immediately, but within a week he will begin to abhor tobacco if the mixture is given to him faithfully every morning."

And so the young wife, says the Bangor (Me.) Commercial, sent her little two dollars on and got a flagon of the tobacco cure.

"Pretty bum coffee this morning," he remarked, dryly, the first time she dropped the half-teaspoonful of the mixture into the cup.

"It's the same as we've been using right along," she replied, craftily.

Now, lo and behold! he was a pretty smooth proposition himself, and he had, unbeknownst to her, seen the package holding the flagon of agin-tobacco mixture when it was delivered.

So after dinner that evening he produced a large bulky package of fine-cut tobacco from his pocket and took therefrom a plenteous chew of tobacco. It was the first chew he had ever taken in her presence, and she marvelled greatly thereat, but she determined to persist with the "treatment."

"Dead rank chievery again this morning, isn't it?" he inquired at breakfast the next morning.

"I'm sure it tastes the same to me," she replied.

That evening after dinner he produced a short, black clay pipe and a package of a new kind of tobacco that



SMOKED TO BEAT THE BAND.

was as black as the ground work of a Jolly Roger.

"Thought I'd bring this old dunder up from the office," he explained, cheerfully. "It's as sweet as a nut."

Whereupon he filled the house with the aroma of punk that was strong enough to break rock.

"This grocery person who gets all of my wages is certainly doing us on the coffee game," he remarked when he tasted his cup next morning.

"Really," she said, gazing innocently at the ten-cent bunch of asters in the middle of the table, "I can't detect any difference."

"And yet there are low foreheads who don't believe that all women are actresses," said he to himself on the way to his office that morning.

That evening he brought home a box of auction stories, and after he had smoked one of them after dinner all of the people in the neighboring flats stuffed cotton in the hall door keyholes and closed the hall transoms.

"I must persist, though," thought his baffled little wife, gloomily.

"Coffee tastes like stewed gunnysack again this morning," he remarked at the next breakfast. She felt a bit sorry for him, but she was determined to use up that flagon of "agin-tobacco" if she had to chloroform him and pour it down his throat.

That evening, however, her resolution deserted her. After dinner, for the first time to her knowledge, he pulled out a package of cigarettes, lit one and began to smoke it.

She went upstairs, poured out the remaining portion of her two dollars' worth of agin-tobacco and carefully hid the bottle.

"Coffee's all right this morning," said he at breakfast the next day.

"Yes," she inquired, absently.

When he had finished his dinner that evening he lighted one of his usual brand of good cigars.

"Men are mysterious to me," she thought, regarding him out of the tail of her eye.

"Women only think they're foxy," he thought, blowing smoke rings into the Swiss curtains.

Superstition in India. Legends in India run that if a woman stricken with leprosy suffers herself to be buried alive the disease will not descend to her children. There was in the northwest provinces in India the wife of a gardener on whom the loathsome malady had fallen. Children were born to her. The disease grew worse. She importuned her husband to bury her alive. He, at last, yielding to her prayers, summoned his son. The two dug the grave, and four neighbors assisted at the sepulchre. So the woman died. Three fathers were investigated in a magistrate's court and were proved.

KNEW PROPER CAPER.

Hedwig "Yonson" Serves Hot Flat-irons on Dollies and Is Told That She Won't Do.

The Chicago Tribune tells this tale of a Windy City family that had been without a girl for several weeks and were prepared for anything, from a colored servant to an ex-Dunningite. When he answered the "ad," he found "Miss Yonson," as she called herself, sitting on the edge of a cot in a six-by-ten room on the sixth floor, and she was willing and ready to do anything, from dressing his wife's hair to carrying in the winter coal.



BORE IT PROUDLY ALOFT.

"How mooch you pay?" she asked, mildly.

"Three dollars," was the timid reply.

"Ah shall not coom," came the prompt retort.

"We might give three and a half," dubiously.

Her face brightened and she smiled largely. "Ah shall be daire sev'a 'clock," she exclaimed, hastily.

And she kept her word. She was a splendid Scandinavian ruin of 60 years, with a mighty appetite and a yearning to please. She killed the rats by chasing them into corners and squeezing their heads in the pantry door. It was a pleasant morning exercise at the breakfast hour. She put maple syrup in the soup and served the blue points with Roquefort cheese, and still they suffered in silence.

Then came a great and awful day. The bread-winner and great nabob of the mansion was taken ill—not a graceful, feverish illness, but a howling, quick-darting, colic-like illness, and there was a loud cry for hot irons and hot water bags and mustard plasters.

Hedwig hustled bravely, but the pains increased, and still she came not. Finally when battle, murder and sudden death was yelled kitchenward she made a stately grand entrance into the chamber, a clean, white, lace-trimmed apron tied carefully on, her hair freshly combed, and borne aloft as if it supported a Christmas turkey, was a large tray. Two flat irons covered with the daintiest embroidered dollies the house afforded stood thereon, and the waterbag was laid in majesty upon a hand-painted fish platter. The mustard plasters were soaking in a cut glass finger bowl, and Hedwig beamed when she set the tray down before the agonized gaze of her employer.

QUEER FISH STORY.

Maine Disciple of Isak Walton Catches a Fine Trout Through a Bung Hole.

The Maine Sportsman very truthfully remarks that one of the queerest experiences in catching trout that any man ever had was that at Moosehead lake recently by an Killebore sportsman named Williams.

He was standing on the apron of the dam at Wilson's fishing in the quick water below, and had met with fair success. Near the shore, on his right hand, in a little eddy, he noticed a barrel lying on its side in several feet of water. He wondered what it was there for, and was so curious that he left his fishing and went down to examine. He found that it was an old molasses barrel, and was lying so that he could see the bung hole.

Of course the barrel was full of water, and the man had no idea there was a fish inside of it, but just for curiosity he dropped his hook through the hole, and no sooner had it landed there than the water was boiling, and the fisherman knew he had a trout on the other end. He played him until the fish was tired, and when he came to land him he could not get him through the hole. The fish came out. It weighed three pounds, and was one of the handsomest squateils caught in that section this year.

One of the guides said that the trout must have gone into the barrel when small, and had lived on bugs and worms which had taken up their abode inside.

Knife and Fork Signs.

All the railway stations in Sweden at which meals are served are known by a sign bearing the suggestive emblem of a crossed knife and fork.

Not Strewn with Roses.

"My path in life is not strewn with roses," remarked the beggar.

"Then here's a cent," said the kind-hearted old lady.—Philadelphia Record.

A FUND FOR DRUNKS.

Obstinate Farmer Has Set Aside \$2,000 for Paying Fines.

For Ten Years James Gordon Has Been Arrested with Regularity—Draws on His Bank for Money to Pay Court Costs.

Arrested for drunkenness 100 times and fined in the aggregate \$1,000—this is, according to the New York World, the unique police court record of James Gordon, a farmer, residing at Castleton, near Albany, N. Y.

Experience, although a dear teacher for Gordon, has not been able to steady him in his roistering habits. He will likely pay many more dollars in fines before the last chapter of his odd story is reached.

At one time Gordon was well-to-do. His farm in Castleton was tilled to the highest stage of profit, and he commanded the respect of his neighbors. He is a man of middle age, of good family, and intelligent. The cause of his persistent inebriety is a mystery.

About ten years ago Gordon went on his first drunk. He drove to Albany, went down through the Tenderloin of the capital city and generally whooped it up. He had the regulation farmer's roll of money with him, and it soon changed ownership.

Early the following morning of the day he arrived in town Gordon was found in the south end of the city, perched on the seat of a truck and calling out to imaginary horses to keep the plow in the proper furrow—"go! dern them!"

He resisted arrest and was only gathered in after a tussle with one-quarter of the reserves of the nearest precinct. He was fined five dollars in court, but didn't have a penny to pay it. Just as he was being marched to jail he produced a bankbook showing \$2,000 to his credit. A messenger was sent down and enough was drawn to pay the fine and the livery man who held Gordon's rig. Then he departed, a sadder but not a wiser man.

Just two weeks later Gordon arrived in town again. Another big wad bore him company. He went through almost the same programme. He drank, he slumped, he danced and he whooped. It was not long before he and his jug were collected again.

Another five-dollar fine got him off in the morning. He paid it only after recourse to his bank again. He paid it boastfully and served notice that he would do it all over again at the first opportunity.

Within a fortnight Gordon came again, and he has been making trips to Albany with more or less frequency for ten years. Every arrest seems to whet his appetite for another. It was his action with regard to the money end of his escapades that first drew attention to his case.

After half a dozen arrests Gordon went to his bank and apprised the officials that he would reserve his account there as a drunk fund only. Similar notice was served upon the police magistrates. After that, whenever Gordon was arrested, the door-man at the station-house was sent to the bank for the price of his fine without further instructions.

One thousand dollars of his deposit has already been eaten up. A number of times he has been fined \$25 for a drunk, but this caused no comment. Gordon says now that he has nothing to regret and that he proposes to drink and pay fines until his drunk account is used up.

"Then," he says, "I'll get drunk again and go to jail often enough to make up in board what I've paid in fines."

South Dakota's Rockefeller. Hans Hanson, a Yankton county farmhand, is entitled to the honor of being named the Rockefeller of South Dakota farmhands, for he has demonstrated that steady application to his apparently humble occupation results in a gratifying degree of success.

During this fall he husked 4,401 bushels of corn in 47½ days of eight hours each. For the work he received three cents per bushel, or a total of \$132.30. With \$182 added for wages received by him since April 1 last makes a total of \$314.30 clear for a little over eight months' work. He has over \$2,000 in cash saved up, all of which he earned by farm work.

Origin of Bride's Veil. The bride's veil had its origin, it is said, in the Anglo-Saxon custom of performing the ceremony under a square piece of cloth, held at each corner by tall men over the bridegroom and bride to conceal the latter's blushes. If the bride was a widow the veil was dispensed with.

Drink Limit in Norway. No person in Norway may spend more than six cents at one visit to a drinking place.

True Friendship. True friendship results from a compact for frankness and forbearance.—Chicago Daily News.

Heard From. "How's the dentist next to you making out?"

"Well, I should judge that his business was a howling success."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Australian Whaling. In 1835, the heyday of the whaling trade, when the smoky glare of the whaleships' tryworks lighted up the darkness of the ocean night, there were 41 vessels, of a total tonnage of 9,267 tons, registered in New South Wales, employed in the fishery. In the same year 22 vessels arrived in Sydney from the various grounds, their cargoes of whalebone, sealskins and sperm and black oil valuing altogether about \$150,000. Now the whaling trade in southern seas is represented by two or three small and poorly equipped ships from Hobart, though the whales—sperm, right and humpback—are again as plentiful as they were in the first years of the fishery. One of the present writers, less than three years ago, counted over 300 humpbacks pass to the northward in two days on the coast of New South Wales, while there were probably double that number of the swift and dangerous "fin-back" whales traveling with them.—Fortnightly Review.

The Bravest Man. The bravest man I ever knew was neither famed nor great. Nor one who rushed to dare and do, Prepared for any fate. He never faced an enemy, Nor trod the trackless wild, He never plunged into the sea To save a drowning child.

The bravest man I ever knew Smoked ten cigars a day; It was a foolish thing to do, As you yourself will say. But, foolish as it was, he told His friends he couldn't quit it. It was he brave of him, I hold, To stand up and admit it. —S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

Up Against It. Crawford—Perhaps nature never errs, but she is far from impartial. Crabshaw—That's so. Not content with giving a girl red hair, she plasters her face all over with freckles.—Town Topics.

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